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THE

Commonweal

SOCIOLOGY OF RELIGION

by Joseph H. Fichter

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN CUBA

by Norman Schwarz

Eyewitness Account

AMERICAN IN THE MIDDLE EAST

by Claire Huchet Bishop

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 555

Sociology of Religion
by Joseph H. Fichter 558

Independence Day in Cuba
by Norman Schwarz 561

That Point of Light: A Poem
by Cornelia Veenendaal 562

God and Caesar
by John Cogley 563

American in the Middle East
by Claire Huchet Bishop 566

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 569

Communications 570

Books 572

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

LIKE SO MANY *big cities all over the world,* the city of New York is beset by the problem of growing juvenile delinquency. Some cities have been able to deal with the problem more effectively than others, but New York has not been conspicuously successful. The juvenile crime rate there is now higher than it has ever been, and in the last few weeks a series of brutal killings and other acts of violence by young people has made juvenile crime a matter of grave public concern.

Almost everybody has his own theory as to the cause of juvenile delinquency. Many people put the blame on the countless movies, television programs, comic strips, etc., that emphasize crime and brutality. Others cite World War II and the war in Korea as the causes of the violence and lawlessness displayed by these young people today. This is a more comprehensive explanation, involving the facts of family dislocation, housing pressures, working mothers and broken homes, as well as the general brutalization of a culture where death by violence becomes a commonplace. And, finally, there is the breakdown of traditional family values, attitudes toward marriage, the home, the responsibility and role of the parents in the training of children.

None of these explanations is irrelevant or unimportant, but none is valid in itself. Patterns of mass entertainment reveal much about a culture, and have a reciprocal relationship with its ideas and ideals, but they cannot be said to be responsible for what the culture is. The stresses of war exacerbated troublesome conditions in our social order—like uprooted families, broken homes, urban slums—but they did not produce those conditions. Violence and brutality, too, unfortunately, are not recently-discovered, war-induced phenomena in our culture. And certainly any speculations on the why and how of religious and moral practice and non-practice demand the widest cultural and historical context.

Juvenile crime appears in the interaction of staggeringly complex and multiform social factors. It is a police problem at the moment, and a big city welfare department problem, but it is much more than that. It is a problem which has its roots in antecedent problems, like the trend toward huge urban concentrations, slums and housing pressures, economic inequities, discrimination, alcoholism, public health, the whole question of what can be done with the ineducable, the socially incompetent. And there must be other contributing social ills we have forgotten to list.

ONLY WHEN the magnitude of the task is recognized, we feel, will there be any real hope of solving it, but the debates now being carried on in the newspapers all seek—and find—the simple explanation and the simple cure.

At the bottom of all the wrangling over juvenile delinquency is a fearful reluctance to face up to a major social disorder which will be cured only through a great, *concerted and* very expensive program of short- and long-range measures. Public opinion may be placated, and the urgency of the problem may be temporarily alleviated by increasing the size of a police force, providing youth camps, sending teams of social workers to a few of the more dangerous neighborhoods. But this is stop-gap, and pitifully inadequate.

Juvenile delinquency marks an increasingly serious deficiency of twentieth century society. It cuts across the areas of responsibility and competence for clergymen and city planners, sociologists and economists, health officials and housing

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authorities, policemen and psychiatrists. It is a problem demanding the outlay not of tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars, but many millions. And there, as always, is the rub. Who will be the first to offer the taxpayer this multimillion dollar program?

A recent, unsuccessful candidate for public office in this country used to say, "People get the kind of government they deserve." This is a hard saying, and it seems even harder if it is turned to a question like juvenile delinquency, but we are afraid it is true.

SYRIAN CRISIS

AT THE MOMENT there appear to be two main facets of the government crisis in Syria. The first is that the extent of the Soviet success there points to a new method of infiltration and penetration that gets around the ordinary military defenses. What in the past was so often a fiction as other countries were swallowed up in the Soviet orbit may be taking place in Syria; a Communist, or pro-Communist, native government is coming into power. The Soviet Union is to serve as mentor in trade, technological development and military matters. This could produce a strategic Russian foothold in the embattled Middle East, achieved by peaceful penetration. Even if it be granted that conditions in Syria have been particularly favorable to such a development, there is little reason to suppose that the Soviets will not succeed in their similar operations elsewhere if an effective counter-strategy is not devised by the nations of the free world.

What to do about Syria is perhaps the more immediate aspect of the problem. The negative influences back of the change supply little in the way of clues. Syrian politicians have proved so unequal to the tasks of government that for most of the postwar period the country has been run by the army. The young officers now in the ascendant are said to be temperamentally anti-conservative and therefore anti-Western and fascinated by the dynamism of totalitarian Moscow. With many other Syrians they associate Great Britain and the United States with the establishing and support of Israel, their enemy; they resent the presence of the American Sixth Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean, the quest for bases and in general all that goes in their minds with the policies of the Western colonial powers. Our close association with their former masters, the French, who despite the appeal of their culture have frequently been successful in alienating the peoples in their colonies and mandates, has not helped. The war in Algeria has but fanned these resentments. Syria has been so anti-American all along that it has consistently rejected the economic aid we have offered.

If the country were to become a full-fledged Soviet satellite, Russia would be in a position to shut off the pipelines that bring to the Mediterranean one-third of the oil exports of the Middle East. This would pose a grave threat to Western Europe. A Soviet Syria could also supply a strategic submarine base in the Eastern Mediterranean and contribute to a partial encirclement of Turkey. By itself of little military consequence, a Syria in the Russian military system could prove to be a prickly thorn.

The extent of the threat is indicated by our dispatch of Mr. Loy Henderson to Ankara and the hurried consultations among the leaders of Turkey, Jordan, Lebanon and Saudi Arabia. It is no less indicated by the haste with which President Kuwatly made for Cairo and the advice of Colonel Nasser, who himself is believed to be none too happy over the new Syrian prospect.

One key to the situation is supplied by two influential Syrian groups, the Socialist Renaissance Party and the Moslem Brotherhood. Under the right circumstances both might be able to exercise an effective moderating influence. That is one argument against aggravating matters further by anti-Syrian diatribes. When those in power deny, as they have recently, that Syria is a Soviet satellite, we should welcome the protestation, not contest it.

As direct intervention is out of the question, much depends on the influence of neighboring Arab states. One of the unhappy elements in the present situation is that our friends, the Three Kings, have

NEXT WEEK

K. K. JACOB writes about the Education Bill launched by the new Communist regime in Kerala, India.

"For the first time the Catholic and other Christian bishops of Kerala have come together to give a bold lead in the battle against these unwarranted and unconstitutional reforms. The Moslems also have joined hands with the Christians. . . . The progressive elements in the Hindu community are against the bill. . . ."

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so little support in their respective realms. Malnutrition, disease, great extremes of destitution and wealth characterize much of the area. Our position there is much weaker than it appears. Building up the Arab countries that would welcome our aid is therefore one essential. In the long run a good outcome of present developments in Syria hinges upon the situations in the other Arab states.

LABOR DAY, 1957

IRONICALLY enough, the day on which James Hoffa completed his Senate testimony was the thirtieth anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti—a fact which might not mean much to the general public, perhaps, but which should mean something to the labor movement.

On the surface, the Sacco-Vanzetti case was simple enough. Two radicals were accused of murder in connection with a payroll robbery. Eventually they were convicted and sentenced to die. Were they really guilty? Or were they innocent, as most of the liberal, labor and humanitarian groups were convinced, dying simply because of their political beliefs? At this distance in time, it is pointless to debate the case. But, guilty or innocent, for millions of people Sacco and Vanzetti became symbols of man's injustice and the inspiration for a great outpouring of idealism on behalf of the oppressed and friendless. Out of such idealism sprang today's American labor movement.

Thirty years is a long time. Sacco and Vanzetti are gone, and the editor of The Commonweal who wrote about their case has since joined them in death. Yet, long as thirty years is, the distance from Sacco and Vanzetti to James Hoffa and Johnny Dio seems much greater than that. It would be easy enough to think that idealism is now dead, and this Labor Day there will be many an obituary for the American labor movement written in this spirit. But we will write no such obituary.

In the last thirty years, the American labor movement made history a thousand times. It survived betrayal from within and without. It survived strikebreakers and spies hired by management, and union officials who sold out. It survived leaders just as radical as Sacco and Vanzetti could ever have been. From all this the labor movement emerged as a typically American, non-ideological fixture on the American scene, bigger than any of the men who shaped it or tried to wreck it. And it will survive again. The forces of decency and idealism inside labor are in the majority. In the end they will win out over the racketeers and hoodlums who have muscled in. Thirty years from now, the real heroes of the labor movement will still be remembered, and the melancholy procession of witnesses before the McClellan committee will long since have been forgotten.

INCIDENT IN LEVITTOWN

THE PEOPLE of Levittown, Pennsylvania, are afraid. They are filled with those terrible fears that are the ugly heritage of segregation—fear of "inundation," of lowered property values, even of intermarriage and violence. Only in terms of such fears can one explain why normally law-abiding and decent citizens formed a mob to threaten a newly-arrived Negro family and eventually to send a police officer to the hospital. Now that an outward peace has been imposed upon the troubled community, it is essential that religious and civic leaders work to remove the fears that produced the mob in the first place. An interracial neighborhood need not mean violence, it need not mean lowered property values, it need not mean turning a formerly all-white neighborhood into an all-Negro one. The arrival of the first Negroes in Levittown need not mean any of these things, but it will—if fear and hysteria rather than calm and good sense are allowed to prevail. That is why the patient dissipation of fear and ignorance and myth is today the urgent task of the good citizen, in Levittown and every American community.

MONSIGNOR RONALD KNOX

IN THE DEATH of Monsignor Ronald Knox, on August 24, after a long illness, the Catholic Church in England has lost one of its most influential modern converts. Ronald Knox was known for his versatility and his wit, for his detective stories as well as his sermons, literary studies and religious books. His *magnum opus* was his English translation of both Old and New Testaments completed in 1955 after labors encompassing seventeen years. Long-time readers may remember that Monsignor Knox contributed two articles to The Commonweal in the late 1940's, one dealing with the omni-competent State and the other with the changes in Catholicism of the past fifty years. He was widely read and greatly beloved. His translation of the Bible and many other writings will long endure. May he rest in peace!

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Sociology of Religion

"CATHOLICS UNDERSTAND LITTLE AND SUSPECT MUCH ABOUT THE FIELD OF SOCIOLOGY AND RELIGION"

JOSEPH H. FICHTER

A COUPLE OF GENERATIONS ago people argued about the origin and development of religion. Some evolutionists thought that it started with magic, superstition and animism, then developed through polytheism to monotheism. Others were sure that religion had "run its course," and that modern man could get along without it. Christians traced religion back through the Old Testament but were puzzled about the masses of men apparently untouched by the Judaic-Christian tradition.

The argument would probably still be going on if the social scientists had not done the empirical field work to settle it. Instead of sitting in an armchair speculating about what must have been or about what ought to be, they went out and gathered the facts from primitive and civilized societies around the world. No self-respecting educated man now doubts the universal existence of religion, or believes that a culture can exist without the religious institution. Even Russian revolutionaries have discovered that instead of exterminating religion they have succeeded merely in renaming it.

This is merely one of the more spectacular contributions which the social scientists have made to the field of knowledge about human behavior. Practically every big name associated with the sociology of religion, both historical and contemporary, has been that of a non-Catholic. This is true of the theoreticians and originators like Emile Durkheim, Max Weber, H. Richard Niebuhr, Ernst Troeltsch, Joachim Wach. It is true also of the sociologists who have made the most important empirical studies in America, H. Paul Douglass, Ross Sanderson, Samuel C. Kincheloe, Murray H. Lieffer, J. Milton Yinger, Samuel Blizzard, Liston Pope and others.

This may be one of the reasons why Catholics understand little and suspect much about the field of sociology and religion. It is a discipline to which Catholic scholars have come lately and infrequently. A few peripheral surveys have been made on leakage from the Church, on mixed marriage and religious vocations. Some broader studies have been conducted on the Catholic family, Protestant-Catholic tensions, and on the urban parish.

By and large, however, we have less scientific knowledge about the structure and function of the Catholic Church in America than we have about many primitive tribes. Religion among the primitives has been studied more thoroughly and accurately than religion among American Catholics. Even though Catholicism is an urban religion in this country, the pioneer research done by Douglass and Sanderson on the urban Protestant churches has not yet been replicated in relation to Catholic churches. In fact, it is probably not even known to Catholics, except to social scientists.

SOCIOLOGY is a secular, descriptive and analytical science. It is neither theology nor philosophy, and therefore one cannot speak of "Catholic Sociology." It is not social work or social reform and it does not offer pat and permanent solutions to social problems. The sociologist, as social scientist, does not use either the hortatory or the moralistic approach. He uses the rigid formulae of the intellectual attitude and the scientific technic. He gathers facts, checks and rechecks them, interprets their significance, and from them forms hypotheses and generalizations. The gathering of data is done through observation, interviews, questionnaires, polls and various testing devices.

The scientific approach presupposes the value of knowledge. The scientist assumes that it is good to collect a body of knowledge which can be systematized by hypotheses and in turn developed into acceptable theory. The utility of this knowledge to others (like pastors, bishops and other church functionaries) is not of direct concern to the research scientist, although it is true that most sociologists in this country must spend some time in teaching, lecturing, writing, and otherwise disseminating their findings.

But the authority of the scientist as an intellectual and a scholar does not rest upon the utility of the body of knowledge in which he works. It rests upon the

Father Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., of Loyola University, New Orleans, is the author of the well-known *Dynamics of a City Church*. His most recent work is *Sociology*, a new textbook published by the University of Chicago Press.

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fact that his findings are true, that his source of knowledge is open and described, that his observations and conclusions can be tested by anyone competent to repeat the study and to re-examine and re-use the same technics. The intellectual attitude and the scientific method are so well understood that they hardly need defense or explanation when employed by the sociologist of religion.

The question in the minds of some persons is not whether the sociologist can be a scientist, but whether religion is an area which the sociologist can study scientifically. Religion, it is said, is sacred and supernatural while sociology is secular and natural. If the sociologist does not actually study the sacred, can we say that he is studying religion at all? If he does study the sacred is he not treading in the province of theology rather than that of social science?

THE ANSWERS to these questions require an understanding of the definition of social behavior. The sociologist builds up a body of knowledge about social behavior in religion illuminated by scientific knowledge available about social behavior in general. Since religious institutions are man-made and religious groups are man-operated, the sociologist studies them with the same methods he uses in studying other institutions and groups. People who function in religious groups are performing patterned human behavior—observable, measurable and interpretable—and this can be studied like human behavior in families, schools, factories, political groups and recreational groups.

The sociologist, as such, is not interested in whether the dogmatic expressions of a church are true or false (that is the province of the theologian and philosopher). But what the people actually believe (as contrasted to what they ought to believe) constitutes significant data. Then there is the important distinction between what people say they believe and how they actually behave. Here we are in the area of social facts where sheer statistics may be revealing (as the Pope pointed out to the parish priests of Rome). How many children are baptized? How many attend Sunday Mass? How many make the Easter duty?

(And how many do not do these things?) A man does not have to be a sociologist to gather these facts, but he must have some knowledge of sociology in order to interpret their significance.

It would be an error to suppose that the statistics on religious practice or non-practice constitute the whole field of sociology of religion. Actually, this is merely a preliminary, a foundation to the more important area. European sociologists of religion are far ahead of us in the matter of gathering statistics. This is mainly because their national census is far more advanced than ours; but they have also tended to bog down with graphs and maps and charts. They have not yet advanced to the heart of the sociological study of religion—the area of culture patterns, human relations, functions, structures, groups and so forth.

It may be helpful to present a few examples of sociological knowledge which has been gathered and tested by American sociologists of religion. Some of these findings are as follows: Religious practices improve with college education among Catholic men, but decrease among non-Catholic men. Religious practices generally are worse among the poorer urban classes than among the comfortable middle class families. Ethnic and racial loyalty is a more important factor for parish solidarity than is adherence to the same common religion. Protestants and Catholics with similar regional experiences and the same amount of education have the same attitudes on race relations, labor unions, public housing, international relations and other social questions. For both Protestants and Catholics, single people are more religious than married; people in their thirties reach an ebb in religious practices.

These are merely random samples of the kind of generalizations that sociologists of religion have been uncovering through their studies. There are many larger questions to which we have no answers and on which most statements are merely guesswork. Does mixed marriage bring more people into the Church than it loses for the Church? Is so-called tension between Catholics and Protestants increasing or decreasing? Are items like birth control, parochial schools and censorship really significant areas of disagreement among the masses of Catholics and non-Catholics? Is seminary training pointed at the realities of the priestly role in contemporary society? To what extent are the new institutional forms of the American culture compatible with Catholic values and goals? What are the trends in Catholic family life and parochial life in the fast-growing suburbs? What is the extent to which Catholics share in the American core values, are influencing them or are influenced by them?

These major questions cannot be answered because they have not been studied. The study of religious

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patterns, roles and institutions, as they exist in America, is of profound importance for the work of the Church in this country. Many non-Catholics misrepresent and misunderstand Catholicism because these things are not known to them. Neither are they known to most Catholics. The Church in America has no central research bureau, nor does there seem to be any prospect of establishing one, even on a diocesan level or on a college campus.

Meanwhile various Christian denominations have pooled their resources for research purposes. Much of this work is done on the demographic level, studying the movement of population in order to advise churches how and where to locate or relocate their plants. "Self study" of innumerable congregations has been conducted with the assistance of experts sent from research headquarters. Studies of family life and of youth (in relation to religious groups) have been multiplying. All of this is aside from the major research projects being conducted in sociology of religion at the larger universities.

IT IS a familiar complaint that requires no reiteration here that Protestant, Jewish and non-sectarian agencies and individuals pave the way for most of the forward-looking steps made in the scholarly world. This is true also in the field of sociology of religion. This negative comparison is made here not to demean Catholic scholars or the Catholic intellectual life, but to indicate that there is an important area of knowledge which we Catholics are not developing.

Since the role of the sociologist of religion is little understood, it may be well here to point out the extent of his activities, as well as the limitations.

The sociologist studies that large aspect of the Church which is omitted in the studies of theologians. This is the communial and associational aspect, the fact that religion is not merely a personal relationship with God but also a joint enterprise conducted by human beings and institutionalized over the centuries.

The sociologist studies the mutual influence of the religious and the non-religious institutions, the way in which the total cultural environment influences, and is influenced by, the religious institution. He is not studying the operative strength of grace, or the influence of angels or devils, of prayer, sacrifice and sacraments. He offers natural explanations and expects the theologian to provide supernatural explanations.

The sociologist, especially the contemporary American scientist, studies normal, on-going social structures. While it is true that much research in the past has emphasized the negative and even the sordid, like bad housing, bad race relations, bad youth gangs, the present tendency is to see how a thing works, rather than how it does not work. Thus, the sociologist is not merely a "trouble-shooter."

This implies, of course, that the best research is not aimed directly at practical problems. It is rather a direct search for truth (always, of course, with the implication that not only is knowledge a good thing in itself, but it might also be of practical use). The application of his findings to the solution of practical problems takes the social scientist out of the realms of research and puts him into social engineering.

Thus, the sociologist, as scientist, is not an administrator, manager, planner or engineer. He provides the data, insights, explanations and conclusions. It is up to the administrator to form policy and to promote programs. In one instance an administrator disagreed with practically all of our conclusions, but within a year introduced drastic changes based upon them. In another instance, the findings were accepted with profuse thanks, but were then filed away and nothing done about them.

Genuine science is predictive under certain conditions and limitations. The sociologist can map certain trends—internal migration, marriage and birth rates—which are important in planning new schools and parishes. By learning the size, composition and interests of a church group he can forecast roughly the degree of efficiency and effectiveness of the group.

Unlike the manager or administrator, the sociological researcher does not attempt to control or manipulate people. In this respect he differs also from his colleague in the biological or chemical laboratory. Thus, to suggest that the people studied by the sociologist are "guinea pigs" is to misunderstand completely the methods and procedures of sociology.

Best results in social science research are obtained by a combination of technics. Everyone involved in an organization should be interviewed. But asking members what they think about a Holy Name Society is not so fruitful as asking them what they actually do in the organization. To this must be added direct observation of what they say and do in and for the group.

THE GROWING literature in the sociology of religion is an indication that this field has reached some degree of scholarly maturity. Its content as an American body of knowledge suffers mainly by the lack of studies about Catholicism and its place in our society. Various reasons have been given for the resistance to publication of research material; but even greater resistance is given to the conduct of research projects. It is sometimes assumed that the facts are really known to church authorities, and that they are no one else's business. It is probably true that a particular research study done for a parish or an or-

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ganization can have a local and beneficial effect, and need not be published. But anyone conversant with the field knows that these local studies are very rare, and if done scientifically are too costly to be kept merely for private circulation.

In the last analysis, it is probably the continued confusion between the sociological and the theological approach which is the biggest obstacle to understanding in this area. The sociological approach seems novel because its source of information is quite different from that of theology. The sociologist does not go to scripture, Church fathers, theologians, canon law or other ecclesiastical documents for his data. He seeks empirical, contemporary data from the people who are actually "living the religion." He observes the constant interplay between personal and environmental factors, between the religious and the other institutions, between the church and the other organized groupings of society. The sociology of religion, in short, is not theology, and it does not pretend to be. If everyone would try to get these facts straight, we would all benefit.

BATISTA'S REPUBLIC

Independence Day in Cuba

NORMAN SCHWARZ

IT WAS Independence Day in Cuba and the first bomb went off at noon, at the base of an electric light pole in suburban Vedado. The explosion disrupted service for more than three hours but no one was killed. It was a very small bomb.

In downtown Havana most of the stores were shuttered because of the holiday. People were strolling aimlessly in front of the capital building, and there were scattered clumps of men sitting on the green benches of Central Park. For these men it was like any other day. They are the tired legion of the unemployed and there is no other place for them to go, even on the fifty-fifth anniversary of Cuba's independence.

A temporary reviewing stand breaks the symmetry of the park, close by the statue of José Marti, and the flags of many nations jut out from the roof, hanging limply now because there is no breeze in the hot afternoon. Yesterday there was a great crowd here to pay tribute to the country's first patriot, José Marti the Apostle of Liberty, who died in 1902 during the last days of the War of Independence. President Batista was there with his cabinet ministers and officers of the army and navy, their chests heavy with medals of the republic.

Thousands of rural school children had been brought to the city for the ceremony. The journey to Havana is a special prize awarded to the most promising students. At a signal they were marched past the stand and each dropped a single white flower into a huge urn in front of the monument. The procession was very disciplined and the mountain of flowers grew until it almost reached the towering bust of the Apostle of Liberty. Afterward, the President made a short speech to the children, who stood young and dark-eyed before him.

"From the schools will come the future movers of the republic's progress," he said, and then the children were loaded into buses and trucks and taken back to the country. The reviewing stand has not yet been dismantled because it is not proper for men to work in the Central Park on the day of independence. They will come tomorrow to pull out the nails, and pack the boards away, and remove the flowers that will then be wilted and without fragrance.

IN THE AFTERNOON, from the shade of the giant trees lining the Prado Boulevard, unknown persons tossed rocks through the office window of the KLM Dutch Airlines. Policemen descended upon the area and moved in a wide searching arc through the narrow streets. The culprits escaped into the labyrinth of the city, and no witness could be found to offer a clue to their identity.

I bought a lottery ticket from a man whose face was dark and wrinkled like an old newspaper. We talked for a while and I bought him a glass of rum, and then he bought me a drink and later we took the bottle to a table and sat there until the sun went down and the evening chill was upon us.

"They were so young to die like that," he said, "in the streets without a priest to say a few words over them, or someone to wash the blood from their

Mr. Schwarz is an American writer who recently returned from Cuba. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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poor bodies so at least in death they would have their dignity." He was telling me of the attempted assassination of President Batista by a group of university students last March. They had driven to the presidential palace in a truck and attacked the Colon Street entrance at 3:30 in the afternoon. Another group had taken over the radio station in Vedado and were already broadcasting the news of Batista's death and the success of the revolt.

"But it was without hope from the beginning," the old man said, his tired hand moving the glass in a slow circle on the tablecloth. "They were too few and the army and police were too many, and with tanks."

The army had rushed tanks, anti-aircraft guns (for what reason he did not know) and several thousand troops from Camp Columbia. The attack continued for two hours. Most of the students were killed in the patio, and the rest were mowed down by machine-gun fire when they tried to escape to the street. The group at the radio station were killed within minutes after their broadcast. Not a single youth was left alive. Under such circumstances the army would not take prisoners.

The bottle was almost finished and the rum had taken the old man more into himself so that he did not say anything for a long time. Finally, he looked up. He had a strong mouth but with many teeth missing and the others black from tobacco. "If I were younger," he said, "I would do the same. I would go off to the mountains and seek this man Castro. It would be the only thing to do."

"Do you think he has a chance to win?"

He smiled at me with eyes heavy from drinking. "You are an American for sure," he said. "It is of no importance to win. It is only important to be in the company of men, and not in the company of animals."

"Are you so certain that Castro would support a democratic government once he came to power?"

"What questions you ask," he said. "Of course I am not certain. Who can be certain about a revolution? But I am against the present government."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot read a newspaper that is not censored, because they keep postponing the elections, because they closed down the university, because a soldier is now someone to be feared. How many reasons should I give you?"

A young boy came running into the cafe. There were smudges of black polish on his pants, and he carried a wooden shoe-shine box. He stopped long enough to shout something to the man behind the cigar counter. From the window I could see him still running along the street, the box bouncing awkwardly against his knee.

"You see what I mean," the old man said. "That is the way we must get our news. From the little ones."

"Has anything happened?"

"A minor bombing. This time with an incendiary. You know what they are—a Molotov cocktail—oil-soaked rags in a wine bottle. They threw one into the window of the Woolworth store."

"Was anyone injured?"

"No. It is not their intention to hurt innocent people. It is just their way of telling Batista that he has not killed all the mosquitoes."

Time had passed too quickly for the old man. The night had come and he had not sold enough tickets. We shook hands on the boulevard and he walked toward the neon glare of Virtudes Street. I watched him until I could no longer see the black lottery numbers on his shirtback.

HOURS LATER, I walked in the shadow of the presidential palace. There were soldiers on each corner, clustered in doorways, and in the darkness of autos parked on every avenue leading to the palace boundary. Stark beams of light shot out from fixtures on the stone walls. On the roof I could see the dim outline of an army tent. The whole of it seemed an awesome and impregnable fortress.

I paused there a long time with a vision of death on Colon Street, and what the old man had said about dignity. From the distance, suddenly there was the roar and sparkle of brilliant colored rockets exploding in the sky above the Morro Castle. It was midnight then, and the Republic of Cuba had entered the fifty-sixth year of its independence.

THAT POINT OF LIGHT

That point of light
Fixed by nails on some hill
Near east of the voyageable world
Is the mind of light, who properly lives
As in the heart of the sun.

Upon whom we thought to inflict
A punishment of cords, wood, spikes;
And this was to sum up
All the twisting that ever was
Over and under the earth.

The attempt, seeming successful,
Had to be luminously foiled
After a space of one or two days,
By a flaming out of the sheet;
By marks of the pegs flashing, and the spear.

CORNELIA VEENENDAAL.

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GOD AND CAESAR

"CHURCH AND STATE" is a classical problem which will probably never be fully solved. But we can probably expect it to engage the interest of the best thinkers on earth until the end of time. Of course the absolutely final word on the subject has already been said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." But what is Caesar's, what is God's?

The tension between Church and State is probably unavoidable, for the two institutions demand loyalty from the same man. Some men have solved their private Church-State problem by ignoring Caesar's claim, others by ignoring God's. Such men are classic enemies; they fight each other. They also understand each other.

But what of the man-in-the-middle?

We know about periods in history when the Church dominated the State. We know about the anti-clericalism of such periods. We know that men joined together to destroy the Church. But what of the man-in-the-middle, the man who loved the Church but still wanted to establish the autonomy of the State? He could not attack the altars nor enter into agreement with those who wanted to banish not the abuse of spiritual authority but the authority itself? I think he must have had a hard row to hoe.

The wonderful thing about our American system is that it provides for such a man. We have no Church-State problem in the classic sense. Our system of separation, it seems to me, is as close as any people could come to resolving the inescapable difficulties in trying to give Caesar what is Caesar's and God what is God's. The system is not flawless by any means. But the American believer is not torn apart by conflicting loyalties. To say that is to say a great deal.

And it works. The rights of the Church are scrupulously observed in American courts; the needs of the State are recognized and honored by the Church. I can not think of any place on earth where it is easier for a man to fulfill his religious duties than in the United States—to give God what is His. Nor can I think of a place where the State asks so little of what the religious man can not give. When it does, the religious man can make a conscientious appeal and the State will listen. There are exceptions of course. The jailing of Dorothy Day comes to mind. But when these exceptions occur, people who believe in separation are free to cry out against them, as they should have in the case of Miss Day.

I said our system works. Look at the Church in the United States. Where is the Church in a healthier condition? Stand outside a busy suburban parish church on Sunday morning and watch the crowds coming and going. Enter and count the people approaching the altar. Study the bulging classrooms of parochial schools, the buzzing campuses of Catholic colleges and universities. Take a look at the seminaries, monasteries, convents. Visit the hospitals, orphanages, nursing homes. Try to make a reservation at one of the busy retreat centers. Count up the number of Catholic papers and magazines. Read the reports of the apostolic movements among the laity. Subscribe to the mission magazines and follow the activities of American missionaries abroad.

Is there any group of bishops anywhere, no matter what system they live under, who would not be glad to exchange their statistics with those submitted by the American hierarchy? I think not.

This sounds boastful. Perhaps one of the French Catholic writers will use it to illustrate the horrible smugness of American Catholicism. Let him. I cite American Catholic success not in a spirit of boastfulness but to illustrate what can happen under a system in which Church and State are separated by law and custom.

Some eminent Catholics have spoken of separation as if it were a kind of cross, an "accommodation" unavoidable though barely acceptable. But the American experience itself mocks them.

I take it that any relationship between Church and State, from the Church's point of view, exists so that the Church can be about its holy business. Where on earth has the Church ever been more free to do its work than in this country? Whatever the failings of Catholics, and they are many, no one can say that the principle of separation is to blame for them.

A Commonweal writer receives a certain number of letters complaining that the magazine makes too much about keeping Church and State separate. By insisting on the principle so doggedly, some have implied, the magazine shows less concern for the work of the Church than it should. But I don't think I have ever seen anyone give any credit to our system of Church-State relationship for the health of American Catholicism. Such credit is long over due.

It is time for American Catholics to tell the world how well our system works. If, as a distinguished Vatican prelate has said, the Church in America should be an example to Catholics everywhere, let it not be forgotten what a great part of the success story was written in 1791 when the Founding Fathers wrote the first ten Amendments to the Constitution.

JOHN COGLEY.

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How 280,000 people at General Electric benefit from its progress

More than 200,000 new jobs have been created since 1939; pay and benefits are up far in excess of the cost of living

In the last two decades employment at General Electric has been increasing at a rate six times as fast as in the nation as a whole, and the company is now providing jobs for over 280,000 men and women.

These are good jobs, and they are getting better. In 1939, the average General Electric employee earned $2,026 a year including the value of benefit programs. Today he earns well over 2½ times as much, and that includes a broad package of pension, insurance, vacation, holiday, and other benefits that give him better economic security and personal satisfaction.

Jobs from serving customers

One significant force behind this progress for employees is the desire of everyone at General Electric to attract and serve customers.

This means, for example, a continuing investment in research and development to assure a constant stream of new and improved products. In this area, General Electric is spending more than three times as much, per sales dollar, as the average manufacturing company.

In this process, many new jobs have been created. We estimate that over one-third of the men and women at General Electric work on products the company did not make in 1939. And thousands more jobs were created as existing products were continually improved — improvements that attracted new customers and made electricity still more useful in American homes, farms, and industries.

Jobs through planning ahead

Progress for employees is spurred, too, when General Electric takes the risks necessary to expand and modernize productive facilities.

The willingness of 376,000 share owners to continue modernization and expansion programs means that General Electric is investing more than $500 million in the period 1956 through 1958 — an investment to serve customers better that can, in turn, create even more employment opportunities and greater job security.

On these pages are some of the ways General Electric is trying not only to improve the jobs of all the men and women of the company, but also to offer more of the personal satisfactions that mean a better life for them and their families.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

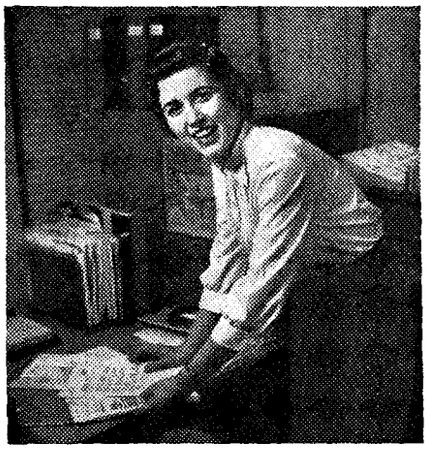
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Harry Bowers, toolmaker at Schenectady, uses skills developed by in-plant training.

Opportunities for self-development. People at General Electric are encouraged to develop themselves to their maximum ability. For example, the company con-

William Thomas, Bloomfield, N. J., has a good start toward family financial security.

Aid toward family protection. Under General Electric's insurance plan, employees also can have life insurance and income protection in case of sickness or accident.



Jeanette Wenzel at Evendale, O., is acquiring shares in the company she works for.

Employee share ownership. The General Electric Savings and Stock Bonus Plan offers employees the opportunity to become share owners. 150,000 are participating.

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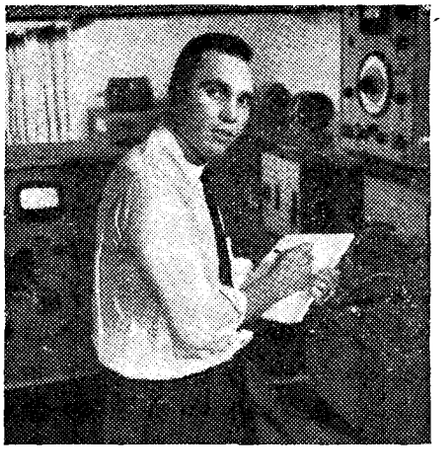


Lowell Lepisto at Ft. Wayne, Ind., gets more professional training in engineering.

ducts over 1,000 courses in factory skills, 500 courses for technical and professional personnel, and spends about $40 million each year to train or to retrain employees.

Jennie Barlow has a better work area, more light since modernization at Everett, Mass.

Clean, safe place to work. General Electric is constantly engaged in studies and investment to make working conditions in plants cleaner, safer — and more efficient.

David Goldstein, Lynn, Mass.: G-E group insurance paid $8,000 of his medical bills.

Assistance in meeting medical expenses. By paying part of the cost, General Electric offers employees and their families an inexpensive medical insurance plan.

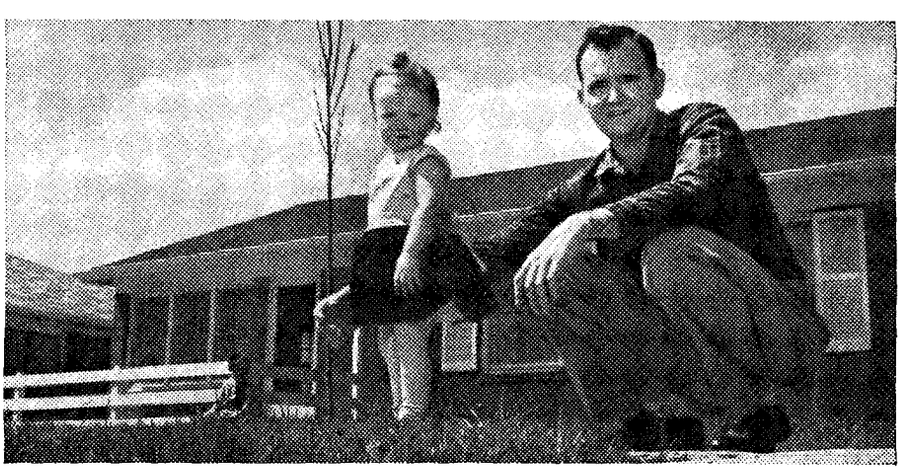
Bruce Glenn and his wife welcome his $1,570 suggestion award at Richland, Wash.

Reward for good ideas. Over $7 million has been paid to General Electric men and women for constructive ideas since our Suggestion Plan was formalized in 1922.

Thomas Marshall, sales engineer at Baltimore, represents G.E. to electric utilities.

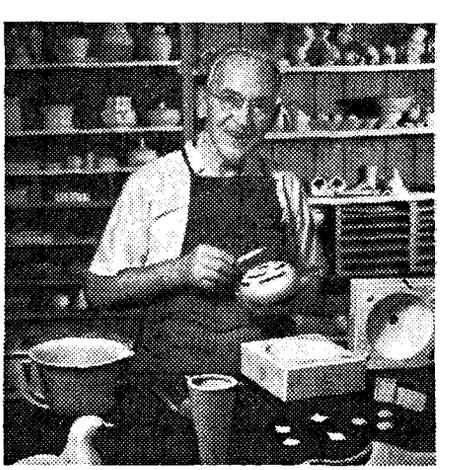
Positions of responsibility. For those employees who want and can handle increased responsibilities, General Electric offers opportunities in a wide variety of fields. In an average year, more than 25,000 men and women take advantage of company-conducted courses that are designed to help prepare employees for more responsible jobs.

James Creamer is now manager of finance for an $11 million operation at Syracuse.



Milton Hall, maintenance man at Appliance Park, Louisville, recently bought a home. His wife's new kitchen includes many electrical appliances made where he works.

Higher real pay. Compensation at General Electric is interpreted broadly to include not only monetary returns, but also the value of benefit programs. Since 1939, the rise in average annual earnings (wages and benefits) of the people at General Electric is far in excess of the rise in the cost of living. Average earnings set a new record in 1956.



Stanley Sullivan, Erie, Pa., is retired and has more time for his hobby, ceramics.

Help toward retirement security. General Electric's pension plan, to which both employees and the company contribute, was substantially improved again in 1955.

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American in the Middle East

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

Turkey

THE WOMAN GUIDE says, "The next stop of the boat is the entrance to the Black Sea." We left Istambul two hours before in the midst of pandemonium; we were carried away through the gate to the boat by a colorful, shouting flow of humanity, baskets of cucumbers, beans, tomatoes, jig-saw puzzles of furniture precariously swinging on bent backs, huge and strange-shaped bottles of water with vendors clamoring for customers and incessantly "washing" the one or two glasses with a few drops of water, crates of fish freshly caught in the Bosporus, children, babies, veiled and non-veiled women, men in Western suits, and all the clothing very worn, dark and frequently frayed.

The ride was beautiful beyond description, palaces and stately residences against a grandiose mountain background. We were but a few tourists on the boat. The Turk crowd was made up of commuters.

It did not seem to be a happy crowd. Of course, not knowing the language can lead to much misinterpretation. However, in Greece we had seen crowds too, and they gave the feeling of light-hearted men. Even the destitute people who lived in hovels in front of the American Embassy in Athens had a somehow carefree look. But on the boat in Turkey people were solemn. One had the feeling they took life seriously. One loved them for their earnestness and for their honest eyes, but wished for the lilt and comfort of a ready smile.

And then, at the last minute before landing at the entrance of the Black Sea, a sort of chant caught my ear, and in the soft moaning melody I suddenly recognized a well-known, gay French children's song. I made my way toward the sound, and there were about twelve little girls and boys, directed by two dignified ladies with lace and mantillas, and singing *Au clair de la lune*. I joined in; then we tried *Il était une bergère,* and at last, at long last, there were smiles and gaiety, and animation. I made them understand I wanted to hear a Turkish song, and after they had sung it with gusto, I made a try at it, and we were all, the children and I, so busy and interested, though unable to communicate verbally, that they had landed and gone before I was able to learn anything about them from their teachers, who seemed to be able to understand my French.

In the village street the vendor of spices squatted in front of his portable tray. I left him behind, but I could not bypass the lavender merchant and the fresh lavender in his basket. I handed him some coins, and he selected a bunch of the fragrant flowers out of the perfume treasure of his basket, from which I could not tear my eyes. I took the few branches and then looked at the man. He had but one eye, and the tragic reproach that I saw there will, I believe, stay with me forever.

Some may say it was all a comedy, some may say that I know nothing about the East, that I am putting meaning where there is none, that it was only a matter of getting more money from me. All that may be true. However, that look somehow epitomized for me all that had made me uneasy in Istambul. This is the first time in my life that I have joined an American tourist group. To find myself an American tourist, to be considered as such, is a disturbing and, for me, heart-rending experience. The trip in itself is unique, and my fellow American companions are all people who are in deep and authentic sympathy with the Near East. But I know that our contacts are not true, that they cannot be, no matter how hard we try, because between us and these people there is the wealth of America.

Western Asia

IN THE MAJESTIC emptiness of the mosque, men in rags were stretched limply on the floor, covered with grass rugs. The guide explains: "The house of God never closes. It is open night and day. Anyone coming from another city and unable to secure shelter for one reason or another can always come to rest and sleep under this roof." This we see, and yet there is reverence and an atmosphere of meditation and prayer in this Cairo mosque.

Many mosques do we visit on this trip, and we slip dirty slippers over our shoes, or walk in stocking feet. In Ankara two of us women tiptoe upstairs to the women's balcony. Three partly-veiled women get up from the rugs and come toward us, chattering happily, fingering our clothes. They point toward my

Mrs. Bishop, a well-known writer and anthologist, is a regular contributor to The Commonweal.

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bare arms and hastily I spread over them the scarf which I had put over my head as I entered the mosque. They smile and nod approvingly. We bow to each other, we put hands on our hearts and finally depart uttering a few clumsy good-byes in Turkish, which makes them giggle softly.

In Damascus we do not see any women's gallery. The guide declares, as if he were pointing to a privilege, that women are "not obliged" to come to the mosque on Friday. "Are they allowed?" we inquire. He repeats patiently: "They are not 'obliged'; they pray at home." "And can a non-Moslem attend the Friday service?" The guide looks shocked and utters a curt "No."

Today, for the first time since our trip began, we experience a day of rest; a holy day and a holiday for the people. In the evening, and early in the morning, the cannon has boomed joyously in Amman. It is the anniversary of Mohammed's ascent to heaven. Everybody in city and country is out and in a joyous mood, wearing picturesque costumes kept especially for Koranic feast days. Few women here ever adopted the mournful black Turkish street garb, so they display marvels of embroidered, beaded gowns, often ill-fitting but very romantic, with colorful draped belts and scarves.

The holiday atmosphere is a real relief to me. I had missed the rhythm of six days and then the general relaxation of the Sunday morning atmosphere in Christendom. More forcefully than ever has been brought to me the blessing inherent to the Sabbath. This beneficial break, physical, psychological and spiritual, we owe to Israel. Without it—Friday is a day of collective prayer here but not of rest—living appears as an endless wheel to which are bound all those who are not wealthy. And in itself the Sabbath stands also as an affirmation of the dignity of man, since all were subject to it, even slaves. How strange and irritating must have been those Jews to the Romans, who left in these far, remote corners not beautiful traces of their civilization, but proud and astonishing engineering feats. And now, though the call of the muezzin brings spiritual rhythm to the day, yet there is not the joy of the whole day set apart in each week.

The first impression of a country may be all wrong. Yet, since on this quick trip, everything can be but a first impression, there is common denominator of reactions. The serious, solemn faces of the Turks, the destitution of Istambul, the warmth of Turkish hospitality, the heavy and somewhat frightening atmosphere of Egypt, the gentleness of Egyptian crowds and faces. The last is a real surprise to me. The gracious tenderness of gesture and expression depicted in many scenes on wood and stone in the stupendous treasure of Tut'ankh-a'men can be seen all over the streets in Cairo. So also can be seen abject misery, faces showing near-starvation and, in the Bazaar Quarter, hordes of children with one eye, or with trachoma. Flies buzz, swoop, dance all over. One has a hard time shooing them off continually. But the children do not seem to care and make no attempt to brush them away from their diseased eyes.

There is something hopeless in this misery because it seems both so huge and so little resented. The lifting of the weight seems beyond possible effort. And yet some Egyptians are working toward it, such as the director and teachers of the Government School of Applied Arts, where are displayed fabrics, sculptures and paintings showing a variety of outstanding talents. The school is run on a scholarship basis, through competitive entrance examination. For the first time, this year women have been admitted.

Lebanon

THE IMPACT of the first impression of Lebanon is all the stronger coming from Egypt in a short three-hour flight. Happy, prosperous, Westernly civilized, anciently polished, and ravishingly beautiful, such is the land of the famed cedars (of which only a few are left). Here a woman can be alone in the streets without feeling conspicuous. Here again I catch the glow which spreads over the face when I speak French, and here again I sense the inner contact, on equal grounds, which accompanies it. Not expecting it, fearful, in fact, straight through the trip, of the likely, and understandable, unpopularity of France in this part of the world, I find myself much moved when I meet this spontaneous warmth of feeling. I have witnessed it everywhere, including Egypt.

Also, it happened several times that I was surprised to hear French spoken. In Lebanon I expected it. But in Damascus I was touched when I overheard a poor woman explaining to one of my companions (who did not understand her!) that Mass was at eight o'clock. She looked very poor, but her voice was soft and her French faultless.

Shopping is, of course, part of a tourist's day anywhere. But what I would like to take with me more than anything else is a baby donkey. They are all over just now, nuzzling near their mothers, or al-

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ready loaded with bags while they are still soft and fuzzy, and ready for fun. But a donkey's life in this part of the world is no sinecure. Their baby life is short and their training starts early.

Donkeys cost ten to twelve dollars and they do everything, carry bags and baggage, wares for sale, tents of the Bedouins, and the master himself, who always cuts a strange figure with his legs almost trailing the ground on either side of the small animal.

Jerusalem

AGAINST THE HORIZON the camel's profile seems an incongruous remnant of prehistoric times, and the "wilderness" of Judea, strange and formidable, calls for eschatological significance. Unfortunately, one can but guess the sound of silence in that eerie region—the noise of the car motor presents a full measure of appreciation, as we speed up toward Jerusalem crowning the more than two-thousand-foot mountain.

We are stopped several times at military posts. Soldiers are everywhere, and military transports speed on the roads. Single men in civilian clothes can be seen, here and there, carrying guns. There is tension and nervousness everywhere. One begins to feel insecure, as if at any moment violence might break through without warning.

Perhaps the traditional Holy Places suffer from this general restless atmosphere. However, I doubt very much that a release of the tension could possibly improve them. This is all over again the case of the well-known Boccaccio story, only this is not Rome but Jerusalem. The little patch of olive trees which have plausibly grown out of the roots of the trees of Biblical times, these, together with the rock which was in the Garden of Gethsemane, and the courtyard of the Antonia fortress, are the only vestiges which have not been ruthlessly ruined and desecrated by generations of faithful and infidel alike.

But the hills of Judea are here, and the air, and the sky, and the birds, and the fragrance of wild flowers —and they were here, too, in His time. Only do I miss the presence of His people, for here they were, surrounding Him, the devoted ones who were His disciples, and the thousands who followed Him and loved Him, and the mob, which like any mob throughout history, in any country, could turn fanatically against someone, and the deeply religious men who could not help but fear that the spreading of Christianity in the pagan world would endanger the pure monotheist vision for which their ancestors had died, for which they themselves were ready to die. All these, good, bad, mediocre, the opportunists and the highly spiritual, the rigid minds and the visionary hearts, people like any other people, and yet unique in that they had the extraordinary temerity of accepting to live by the word of God—that people, Jesus's people, is not here. Their lack of continuity in the human element adds to the strangely unconvincing atmosphere of most so-called Holy Places. So far as I know, there never was a time before when it was impossible tc find one Jew in old Jerusalem. But so this is now, and consequently most of the Holy Places in Jerusalem appear like curiosities for tourists or lifeless museum pieces. Never before have I realized so strongly that you cannot separate the tree from its root, Christianity from Judaism, Christians from Jews.

In Judea there are people living in caves, natural caves in the hills that have been inhabited since prehistoric times. The people have a few sheep or goats and they eke out a living, primitive and free. So do the Bedouins and the gypsies under their makeshift tents. On the other hand, most of the refugees we saw in camps have their own houses, built of stone and mud, and the camps offer a degree of comfort and health security not easily found elsewhere. Yet the crowds in the camps give the unmistakable impression, despite this material difference, of being discontented and shepherdless.

What struck me in the camps as well as in Cairo, and Istambul, and Ankara and Amman, was the feeling of lost human beings, people who could not feel that anyone cared about them. And I reflected on Christianity's failure here. For long before the post-war situation, there were missionaries in the Middle East, and we know and can see that they tried to help the population. But they hardly made a dent in the whole structure. I reflected on Abbé Pierre's call for volunteers who would not necessarily bring aid, but who would come to live as one among the people of the underdeveloped countries. I reflected on Charles de Foucauld's and the little Brothers' and Sisters' testimony. What would it be like to come and live in the midst of Cairo's slums or in a refugees' camp as a benefactor, not as a Western representative, just as one of these destitute people? What would it be like? Could the people ever accept you? Wouldn't they always resent you, no matter what you did? Wouldn't your very choice set you apart? Could a live relationship ever take root, through Christ's heart?

So many aspects of Middle East problems give evidence of the shortcomings of Christians, even the bitter Arab-Israel contention. For Zionism did not start with the second world war, nor even with the first. Its passionate urgency points back through centuries of persecution of the Jews. If there had been no periodical expulsions, no persecutions, no massacres and no pogroms, would the Jews have looked toward Palestine with the same longing, the same desperate hope? Perhaps, but would the loss of Jerusalem have become such a political *delenda Carthago?* And were not the Nazi gas chambers partly a Christian

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responsibility, in so far that Hitler would hardly have dared carry on the monstrous genocide had he not found that he could count on the silence of so many Christians, both in Germany and elsewhere?

To speak of a Jewish-Arab problem is to delude ourselves. This will not remain a Jewish-Arab conflict. It is merely the inflammatory point which may result in the destruction of the planet. And so, before sitting in judgment over Arabs or Jews, we should probe our own Christian conscience, consider our own "restricted areas," our apartments for "Christians only," our way of talking—"Some of my very best friends are Jews, but. . . ."

This may seem far remote from the present Israeli-Arab situation, but it is surely one of the roots of the present situation. If we were to become more acutely and sorrowfully conscious of our fundamental share of responsibility as Christians in the building up of this tragic situation, there might be a better chance that some effective and durable clarification could take place. And it is later than we think.

THE SCREEN

CRUSOE IN CHAINS

WITHOUT depreciating good American movies, it must be admitted that foreign films have a way of making American audiences sit up and take notice. Three new imports from as many countries will surely have this effect. From France comes a first-rate picture that is a hymn to the human spirit. Robert Bresson's "A Man Escaped" is a disarming film; on the surface it is a thriller about a French Underground leader who escapes, in spite of seemingly insurmountable odds, from Montluc Prison in Lyon in 1943 when Germans occupied the country. But because of the superb direction of Bresson (who also wrote the script from Commandant André Devigny's factual account of his escape from German-guarded Montluc) the picture is more than a thriller. Using suspense effectively as the tension mounts, *"Un condamné à mort s'est échappé!"* (as the film was called in France) becomes a portrait of man's courage, man's will and man's hope. Once its hero, captured by the Gestapo, beaten and all but broken, starts planning an apparently impossible escape, his escape becomes a symbol of hope and survival to all the other prisoners.

Through Bresson's skillful direction the audience begins to know well the drab prison, the dreary days, the cruel routine. By the time the hero starts making a chisel out of an iron spoon, he has already won respect for his stamina and ingenuity. He is sort of a Robinson Crusoe who must solve one problem after the other and plan far ahead. And the role is played perfectly by François Leterrier, a Sorbonne student whose youthfully solemn face is just right for the determined prisoner. As in his impressive film version of Bernanos' "Diary of a Country Priest," Bresson used non-professional actors in "A Man Escaped" and has again successfully caught an atmosphere of brooding realism. Day-by-day, hour-by-hour and sometimes even minute-by-minute, the camera concentrates on the man removing the panel of his door, making rope and hooks, perfecting his plan. Will he escape before the day of his execution? Is the boy of sixteen, who suddenly becomes his cell-mate, a spy for the Germans? Should the man kill the boy or take him with him? Bresson (who uses no over-all background score, but heightens the suspense with realistic sound effects and occasional organ and choral passages from Mozart's Mass in C Minor) makes us sweat it out with the hero in his moral and physical predicament. To convey the effect of prison strictness and confinement, Bresson uses dialogue sparingly; most of it is in the first person, told by the hero. For those who don't understand French there are English subtitles, but it is the pictures that count—beautifully photographed in black and white at the Montluc Prison. Moviegoers looking for a change of pace will find "A Man Escaped" cinema at its best.

AN IMPORT from Austria will also give moviegoers something to think about. Also taking place in the midst of World War II and covering international themes, "The Last Bridge" is mainly concerned with a woman doctor who is serving as a nurse with the German army in Yugoslavia. Trapped by the Partisans, she is made to tend the wounded Yugoslavs. Although she rebels at first at helping the enemy, she is finally won to the cause of humanity, to fighting suffering wherever it may be. Even after it dawns on her that she is healing Partisans who will kill her own countrymen, this heroic woman continues to do her duty as she sees it.

Maria Schell (whom you may remember as Scobie's mistress in "The Heart of the Matter") gives an excellent performance as the anguished woman whose loyalty to her fellow Germans conflicts with her ideals about helping humanity. Although she was in love with a German sergeant (Carl Mohner) before she was captured by the Yugoslavs, she becomes attracted to a Partisan leader (Bernhard Wicki), but this only strengthens her growing conviction that people are people—in spite of nationality. Not all of "The Last Bridge" is as carefully thought-out as the characterization of this woman doctor. The other characters, except for the two men in love with Maria, are more types than people. And Director Helmut Kautner

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doesn't always succeed in making the intention of his scenes clear. The war episodes and the Yugoslav backgrounds, however, are excellent and there are plenty of English subtitles to translate the German and Yugoslav dialogue. The overall effect of "The Last Bridge" is a plea for understanding and good will for all men regardless of boundaries and nationalities.

AND FROM ENGLAND has come an off-beat comedy. "A Novel Affair" is actually a *tour de force*, a trick, but it is done so cleverly and Peter Rogers has given it such a handsome production that it holds one's interest from beginning to end. Although its plot isn't exactly overwhelmingly original, its good cast and unusual twists keep it running smoothly.

Starting out in black-and-white photography, "A Novel Affair" tells the story of a professor (Ralph Richardson) and his novelist wife (Margaret Leighton) who hire a young, strong and incidentally very handsome Italian (Carlo Justini) to chauffeur for the husband and lift him in and out of the car because he has been confined by paralysis to a wheel chair. When the wife is urged by her publishers to get out a new book, she sees the germ of an idea right in her own home—a triangular romance involving the husband, wife and chauffeur, or perhaps it should be called a square because it also drags in the maid (Patricia Dainton). When the finished novel is left in the car by mistake and the chauffeur reads it, he misunderstands the actual situation. He can hardly be blamed, for the novel is patterned rather strongly after *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It takes quite a bit of maneuvering on the part of the wife to convince the passionate Italian that the story was only a story.

Muriel Box, who directed "A Novel Affair" and wrote the screenplay with her husband Sydney, has given the film style and a slick polish. When the chauffeur reads the novel, the whole of this story, with the same actors playing the roles, is told in luscious Eastman Color which heightens the soap-opera aspect of the lurid tale. Furthermore Miss Leighton wears gowns designed by Norman Hartnell, which in black-and-white look very good, but in color are elegant beyond compare—and she wears them elegantly. This is by no means a great picture, but it is an amusing one, made especially pleasant by its healthy, real-life relationship between the husband and wife.

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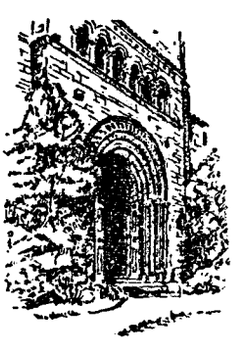

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COMMUNICATIONS

ARREST OF THE PACIFISTS

Glendale, Arizona.

TO the Editors: John Cogley's article on pacifism and the shameful imprisonment of Dorothy Day and other pacifists [Aug. 16] winds up by giving credit to those with whom Mr. Cogley doesn't entirely agree. But though he seeks to do them justice, I think he misses one vital part of the Catholic Worker movement —I'm not being fair to him; his was only a one page article—something that sets the C. W. people apart from all other pacifists who "are guilty of arrant utopianism," as Mr. Cogley puts it. The C. W. people are definitely utopian, if I understand their monthly paper correctly and if I understand Ammon Hennacy's *Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist* correctly. They speak of the one-man revolution, of the revolution or rebirth inside each individual and of that individual's refusal to play roulette with the world for his soul. They don't, as far as I can determine, feed themselves on false hopes about converting the world or about bringing about a paradise on earth. They just each do what each must according to the dictates of his own conscience and his understanding of the teachings of the Church. This is, of course, part of their personalist belief. . . . Here is no "arrant utopianism," but rather stark moral realism.

WALTER D. DOUGLAS.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: While I have no desire to score a point against my esteemed friend John Cogley—much less to take his shirt away from him, to use his phrase—in an "ethics-class debate," I should like to point out that Dorothy Day was sentenced to jail not because she "protested against the destruction of mankind," but rather because she, rightly or wrongly, violated the law. I think it is rather important to keep this distinction in mind.

(*Very Rev.*) GEORGE G. HIGGINS,
Director, Dept. of Social Action,
National Catholic Welfare Conference.

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BOOKS

Immense, Vulnerable Niceness

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY. By Irwin Shaw. Random House. $3.95.

By WILLIAM ESTY

ALL THE REVIEWERS have said, correctly, that the short stories in Shaw's latest collection are "slick." What is slickness? It is an invitation, extended with a certain insinuating plausibility, to indulge in ready-made daydream. It is an offer, in which the purchaser connives, of smooth counterfeit goods rather than true articles, the rough texture of which sometimes abrades. The test is this: when you have swallowed the sugary morsel, do you feel at once unsatisfied and a little guilty?

Not that Shaw serves pure saccharine. A knowing chef, he seasons well with unhappy endings and *malaise*. His principal characters are all terribly nice young Americans, but enough unpleasant things happen or have happened to them to permit us to "believe" in them, to accept their immense, vulnerable niceness, which is really the whole point of the book. There is the Nice Guy, who comes in two varieties: hep and un-hep. There is the Nice Girl, who may be a virgin, a near-virgin, or who may have slept around quite a lot, but who is invariably beautiful, went to Smith, and is—well—*nice*. This is the perennial Desirable College Girl who figures so prominently in the fiction of our writers who are not themselves of Ivy League background. (The non-Ivy League hero of Shaw's *The Young Lions* was repeatedly and brutally beaten in Army basic training, thereby permitting us to let our eyes moist over his wooing and winning of the nice Yankee bosom from Vermont. Noah Ackerman, incidentally, was both hep *and* un-hep: now the noble simpleton who confronts the world's cruelties with brave, surprised eyes, now a Joyce-reading intellectual.)

There are really only two stories in this collection, the New York story and the European story. The New York story is about a wife who, on little or no provocation, is unpleasantly jealous of her husband This story is a series of inferior re writes of Shaw's earlier "All the Girls in Their Summer Dresses.' The European story, Shaw's major effort, is about a Nice Guy who Misses Out. He is a clever, experienced, good-looking young man whom money passes by ("Tip on a Dead Jockey") or whom the Nice Girl passes by ("In the French Style") in favor of the solid, un-hep fellow. Of course we feel sorry for him and also can't help envying him his *savoir-faire,* sexual experience and knowledge of the parts of Europe frequented by smart people. This is called "identification": the reader appropriates both the sorrow *and* the Air-Force-plus-mistresses background. It's like all those Navy officers in *Tales of the South Pacific,* and their affairs with beautiful native women.

Or, the Nice Guy may be the solid un-hep man who loses out ("Then We Were Three"). Or the hep man who wins out but then immediately gets killed in a skiing accident ("Voyage Out, Voyage Back"). Or, just once, for laughs, the absurdly un-hep man who *does* win out.

Shaw seems to think his tales of sad young men and women say something significant about our postwar young generation, or at least about the most exposed and interesting fragment of that generation. But it is all just warmed-over, diluted Hemingway, late by three decades and a vision. All that tough talk, smart talk, weary talk against Paris or Riviera backgrounds sounds like nothing so much as a more uninhibited, but equally sentimental version of the comic strip "Mary Worth." Shaw is just racing the motor of a stalled vehicle.

In "Voyage Out, Voyage Back" the Nice Young Englishman who wins the Nice American Girl, only to die, remarks that "You must always do things that are a little too much for you . . . Otherwise, where's the fun?" Shaw the writer

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will have none of this philosophy; look where it got the Englishman, dead on a Swiss mountain slope. At his funeral the skiing instructor kept saying "He did not have the technique for that much speed." Shaw's formula might be summarized: to hell with speed, stay on the easy slopes and concentrate on technique. Fame and money will beat a path to your door once you have perfected your patented cookie-cutter. Who cares if all the jockeys are dead?

Allegory in a Modern Novel

WITHOUT LOVE. By Gerald Hanley. Harper. $3.50.

By NORA MAGID

OUT OF Graham Greene, Alfred Hitchcock and Ernest Hemingway, here is a novel about a young Irishman who, having rejected the Roman Catholic faith of his mother when he finally has tired of her reproaches, spends his adult years shopping around for something else in which to believe. Without really subscribing, emotionally or intellectually, he has been a Fascist and a Communist because "they had virility, they were going to change Europe, take the fat off it, harden it." He suffers from acute loneliness, and needs a group with a strong purpose to which to belong. Eventually, he finds, in a sense, what he requires: he becomes the tool of a master-mind, of nameless totalitarian persuasion, a man who must dominate and control in order to exist. Just as Brennan must be a member in need of direction, Kowalski must be a leader. He is the protean enemy eating at the core of society, the diabolic destroyer who, whatever the social structure may be at the moment, glides amoeba-like into another shape and another purpose so that he may incite the always discontented outsiders to attack the reigning status quo.

The problem is that his current puppet, Michael Brennan, has never thoroughly rid himself of God; he would, if he could, tear out his soul with his hands, but he cannot. He has wandered from revolutionary group to revolutionary group, seeking ironically in regimentation to impose on society what is right and just. Kowalski, "the only heartless man I have ever met," attracts him as much as he repels him. They need one another, but they are not able to exist in the comfort of symbiosis, because Kowalski must eventually fight for control of him. He must compete not only with the Church which is always present in the form of guilt, but with the prostitute Lola (the world, the flesh) and the saintly Irish sister, Una (again, even as her namesake in *The Faerie Queen,* the true religion).

The trouble with the book is that Michael Brennan, the focal figure, for all his troubled isolation and desperate browsing for an ideology to substitute for the true good which he has abandoned, is so much a symbol that he is faceless and substanceless. He whines too much and too self-consciously, and he has a childish pleasure in self-dramatization. One finds it hard to care.

Una, the snow-white sister, dispatched under mysterious circumstances by an anonymous stranger in a department store to salvage the wreck, is a dull girl, full of bloodless moralizing and distressing self-satisfaction. When she prays, as she frequently does, she decides "that were she God, to whom this prayer was addressed, she would listen and be moved."

The prostitute, Lola, is a stock figure (a heart of gold, etc.) and so are the other main characters, the kindly innocent priest, and the good government agent who represents the force of positive social organization as opposed to what Brennan has been seeking in illegitimate channels. The only human being is Kowalski, the perennial destroyer of the dream; while he is in many ways also standard equipment — short, fat, steely-eyed, smooth—he

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Without Love

By GERALD HANLEY
Author of
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has a sense of irony and alleviates the relentless dimensionlessness of the others. He manipulates the puppets of whatever persuasion they may at the moment be, but when the joke is finally, as it must of necessity be, on him, he derives wry amusement out of defeat.

It is very difficult to project allegory successfully in the modern novel and not rob it of substance. This particular book sinks into two pitfalls. In the first place, it is told in cadenced prose that is pleasing to the ear and that vaguely echoes the Bible, but it lacks the finesse and the delicacy which poetry would require. In the second, in centering around only one incident, the projected killing of the current enemy by Brennan, Hanley has used the method more successfully applied in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. But where Hemingway made of this the opportunity to build with increasing tension to an inevitable climax, Hanley is neither sufficiently original nor powerful to convey growing terror. This is an excellent example of a novel which is professionally knowing in intention, and which leaves the reader indifferent, because pity and fear cannot be compounded out of ersatz.

Strange Triangle

COUP DE GRÂCE. By Marguerite Yourcenar. Translated from the French by Grace Frick. Farrar, Straus. $3.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

"ONE IS always trapped, somehow, in dealings with women," says the narrator Erick von Lhomond at the end of this murky story. He is speaking of Sophie, a young girl of a Russian aristocratic family, who lived with her brother Conrad and Erick ("Prussian with French and Baltic blood in my veins") on the family estate in Kurland, during the time of World War I. The estate was serving as barracks and headquarters for White Russian soldiers in the local fighting against Bolshevik rebels, and the situation which Miss Marguerite Yourcenar has attempted to delineate, to follow to its tragic finish against the unsteady background of this era, is a strange triangle formed by Erick, Sophie, who is in love with Erick, and Conrad, to whom Erick has been strongly devoted since they were young boys together. During this trio's stay at the estate, Erick encourages Sophie's admiration, although he is clearly and consciously a misogynist.

Sophie, who does not understand the futility of her love until it is too late, is the most clearly drawn of the personages in the story, and her terrible devotion provides a direct dramatic line—a line very strong and sure—a line that the reader wants to follow; it gives, in the end, some shape and finality to the story. *"One is always trapped. . . ."* Miss Yourcenar has provided a deft sketch of a particular feminine quality, a kind of gentle but relentless arrogance. "There was something of that certitude in her that women have of their due, and that they keep to the point of death," says Erick. That certitude leads to an ambiguous scene in which it reaches either its grimmest culmination or highest travesty—take it as you will.

The forms surrounding this dramatic line are murky. "Why is it that women fall in love with the very men who are destined otherwise, and who accordingly must repulse them, or else deny their own nature?" asks Erick early in the story. But we find as we read on that the temperament and motivation which his question seems to signify become blurred.

Is the story about a woman incontrovertibly in love with a homosexual who is in love with her brother? Or is the nugget of the tale lodged in the actual form of the telling, the contrary remarks of the narrator meant to indicate his own confused attempts at ratiocination? How clear is the nature of his relationship with Conrad meant to be, even to himself? Of

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heir youthful days together he ays, "I have known happiness, the eal thing. . . . To have once pos-essed such happiness leaves one proof against vague philosophizing; helps to simplify life, and life's pposite, as well."

Is this meant to be an affair of ove, of passion, an idealistic at-achment that will mean sorrow for ome of those who do not under-tand it? Or is it something milder, nore ambiguous? "He was the ideal companion in war, just as he had been the ideal childhood friend. Friendship affords certitude above all, and that is what distinguishes it from love." Is Erick meant to represent himself as one of those who by simple nature are not attracted to women, or as a special type of Prussian perversity who has deliberately chosen misogyny as a gesture of self-assertion? He describes himself as "a man who has no esteem for [women], and who, as if to confirm himself in his opinion, has chosen to frequent only the worst of them." Later he tells us, confusingly, that his "indispensable vice, whatever people may think, is much less love for boys than for solitude."

Erick's own cruel commentaries, through which the entire story must be ascertained, seem to be a mixture of clear insight and wilful self-justification. His reminiscences of Conrad do not help to make this third character definite; the triangle is thus unbalanced or incomplete, and much of the drama is dissipated, as in the moment of Conrad's death in Erick's arms, which lacks the sadness or horror or irony it ought to have. Miss Yourcenar writes with much of the hardness of style and reticence of emotion that characterize her more recent and longer work, *Memoirs of Hadrian*, but the formal expression of this short *récit* (written in 1939) is far less revelatory of her narrator than a similar style is of her cool Emperor.

A note by Miss Yourcenar at the beginning of the novel informs us that this "relates a true story, derived from the oral account of the principal character concerned." One's first assumption might be that the "principal character" is Erick, the narrator, but I am willing to guess that the novelist's source was "Sophie"—her death in the story being one of those notes of completeness, of aesthetic inevitability, which real life generally does not provide. Whether or not this conjecture is correct, it gives, I think, some notion of the novel's peculiar proportions of dimness and clarity.

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